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THE
DIARY OF
TWO INNOCENTS
ABROAD
by
One of Them







The Diary of Two
Innocents
Abroad



Reims Cathedral as it is today

*THE
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TWO INNOCENTS
ABROAD*

*by
One of Them*



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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Reims Cathedral as it is today	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	Opposite page
Westminster Abbey	10
St. Paul's	12
Eddie meditating about his orphan	21
Eddie's orphan	24
Col. Burr and the two innocents re- pairing car	27
Pierce-Arrow in trouble	32
Wiesbaden	37
Major Smith	41
Chauffeur Stone and crew of car that turned turtle	45
Col. Burlingame and his Dutch Rock Throwers	49
The Blond Coat	50
Col. Wierbreck	51
On the dyke in Holland with the goats	52
Col. Burr and Eddie at Ostend	53
Ypres Cathedral	56
Arras	57
Amiens Cathedral	58

EN ROUTE FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK

Some one told me the way to keep a diary is to make rough notes, scribble a word down on the back of the gas bill—anything you don't want, or don't like—and then "enlarge" at night. I did it twice today. Once going down to the office and again on the way to the train, now it is time to enlarge and I look at my notes. As far as I can make out the splendid idea that entered my head en route to the office is "plaxysms" and the soul stirring thought before I got to the station is "rambuceous."

The notes are destroyed. It doesn't matter. I remember the cane that the boys in the office gave me. I wonder if we will ever outgrow wanting to cry when we have presents handed to us. Come to think of it, though, we grow INTO it, not OUT of it. I never cried as a kid when I got anything, I suppose we are grateful with age. Its a fine cane and I'm going to carry it to the land where over two million of our buddies carried a gun—this train is rocking so I can't write.

THE DIARY OF TWO INNOCENTS ABROAD

ON BOARD THE AQUITANIA OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

When Ed and I came aboard we thought we could get good and rested on the boat. Now we hope we can get good and rested *from* the boat when we get to London. It seemed at first I would have so much time on the ship I could write in my diary every day—I planned to send home a good many letters, go over my accounts, learn a little French, take a great deal of exercise, and lead a life both healthy and instructive. Ed has no ideals and said at the start I wouldn't do anything—he planned quite a different week, and being the stronger character of the two he stuck to his schedule—and dragged me along with him—dragged me down with him. Now we will soon be in and I am hurrying off letters to the folks dated all through the week. It is better to deceive our dear ones than to wound them. Anyway it has been a great trip. There is an

earnest feeling about going to Europe even tho the war is over; nobody is traveling who hasn't got a reason. The ship's company is bristling with missions—everybody has a purpose even if it's a lame one. Ed and I decided to outline carefully all the topics we want to go over with the Colonel when we get to Paris. We were to do it on the boat but I think we will have more time in London—we don't know many people in London. Somebody is yelling "land"—must attend to this.

Tuesday, April 15th London.

Tomorrow we go on to Paris when I hope we get rested and have a little time to write up my diary. We reached London Saturday night although the officials who came on the boat at Liverpool were loath to lose us. We were given numbers and waited our turn for the examination of our passports. It was all done intelligently, the undesirables being waived aside and sent in to a board of inquiry under the military. Theatrical people without labor permits for instance; British subjects who had been conspicuous only for their absence during the war; one young fellow, American born, who had skipped down to his father's plantation in South America. They aren't going to deal any too leniently for the next few years with the boy who did not show an inclination to fight. I suppose some one reported the American young fellow.

Came down in a cold train through

a lovely green country—there is no scar on this land beyond the heavy marks the people carry, but trains are few, coal is scarce, food rationed still and it is one long fight to get a conveyance of any kind—to get a resting place for that matter, but we came out all right there; the Colonel saw to that, arranging from the Paris end. After we had picked out our baggage at the station (we could have picked out anybody else's if we had preferred to, there was no checking system, of course, and nothing to stop us from taking our choice. Ed said he thought ours was as good looking as any so we took no chances.) Well, as I was saying, after we had picked out our "luggage, old top" we went to the Hyde Park Hotel and found a fine room waiting for us with a cute little fire in the fireplace that wouldn't do anybody any harm. After dinner we went down to the theatre where Louise Hale is playing but couldn't get seats. When the Londoners aren't jazzing, as they call our turkey



Westminster Abbey

trot over here, they are going to the theatre. They are all in a state of extreme excitability, and the Lord knows I don't blame them. You can't talk with a Londoner for a minute but he begins to tell you about the air-raids. One woman who nursed in France up at the front and was frequently under fire said it wasn't half as nerve racking as going through an air raid when she came back to London for a rest. As far as I can make out my rest, while I am over here, is going to be a good deal like hers.

Sunday we behaved very well as we went to church twice, making short calls on Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Some day I hope to have the children over here and do this thing properly but there isn't time for much sightseeing now. Ed and I took a car and went to Windsor having lunch at the White Hart. The scenery was fine going out, and probably just as good going back but we both slept all the way home—one of the most expensive beds

I've ever been in. Upon our return we had just wrapped ourselves up in our eider-down bed quilts to keep warm in our room, as the fire I am inclined to think was only photographed in the fireplace—perhaps kinemacolor! when Louise Hale and a friend, also an American, Sewell Haggard, called.

She was glad to see us although her chief interest seemed to be a bottle of whiskey. She didn't have one but she wanted one, and was pinning her faith to our procuring it. She had a doctor's certificate for a bottle for medicinal purposes but couldn't get it even then. I glibly said we could get one, not knowing what we were up against. I may add right here that we did get it. We spent a large part of today during the hours that the bar was open buying individual drinks and pouring them into an empty bottle we had procured. Never can fail a lady in distress.

These two days have been given over to business, more passport



St. Paul's

stuff, and trying to keep warm. They say it isn't cold any more over here—but it has been. I am glad I am not a *has been*. Last night Ed and I gave a dinner party at the Savoy to the French friends we met on the boat and L's acquaintance. Sewell Haggard had to hurry to sit in the royal box to see L's play. Restaurants don't open until late since the war, and theatres open early; all of course to save heat, light and get the crowds home before midnight—but it is mighty uncomfortable. At one time the tubes and buses ran often and all night, but thousands of buses have not yet been "demobilised" and coal shortage limits the underground service. I guess we are getting prepared by degrees for the great ravages of war which we will soon see.

These British keep cheerful though the wounded are thick in the streets. We had supper at the Trocadero after the play, the place full of officers, as happy as men can be on lemonade, and a band so noisy that

it would have been vulgar at Coney Island. By twelve fifteen the lights were out and the scramble began for cabs—with good old English rain beating on us. Ed and I kept our cab—if you don't pay 'em they *have* to stick.

Paris, April 21st.

I seem to be considerably behind with my diary but I am hoping to find more time when I get up to the front. I will also be more rested too—certainly war was never like this!

I remember very hazily crossing the channel from Folkestone to Boulogne—I was all right. Of course the man who tells the story always is, but Ed (who had hoped to get a little rest himself during the crossing) wasn't able to rest a minute. My great regret was I didn't have a camera in case he is ever heard saying he's a good sailor. We got through the red tape fairly easily at the landing, being greatly helped by one of our American Military Police. These boys are everywhere in Europe and are most helpful to travelers. Naturally that isn't their mission. They are stationed in various ports, railway stations, etc., to look after any strays from our ranks, or men

who are on leave and need assistance. I thought them fine fellows, although the M. P. which stands for authority will always be despised by the troops.

Ed and I both felt that it was a pretty big moment when we at last were started on the very good French train and began rushing through a country that has filled the front page of every newspaper one has picked up since August 4th, 1914. But I found out during these last years, as we all found out, that we have to go on doing the common place things in life, saying the ordinary things, or we couldn't go on at all—we would bust. So if what I jot down from day to day isn't full of highfalutin language it hasn't been because I didn't do a little solemn thinking every now and then.

Paris is a funny old girl, though—she paints on a gay new face every now and then, and you would think this spring she had not been carrying a pretty haggard countenance for a long while. I can't tell just how

much the people have really recovered from this long strain but whatever they feel they don't show. And compared to England it's the land of plenty. The restaurants close early but you can eat and drink as much as you can afford to buy while they *are* open. A menu in a restaurant is enough to make a man take out his letter of credit and begin to figure. At that, they say food is higher in New York, but it seems to stick around longer at home.

It is impossible to spend any money with the Colonel for host. When we reached the station in Paris he was there with his big dark limousine—just as he always is in New York—and from that moment it has been a tussle to spend a cent. He looks well and he is certainly well fed. I don't think his cook who looks after him in his flat can be beaten. Our bedrooms are luxurious with all the comforts of home and yet they haven't the characteristics of our American houses. If you furnished a room absolutely as

it is in the States it would somehow or other look foreign. It takes more than a brass rail to make an American bar!

All sorts of distinguished people dine with the Colonel. We had dinner last week with that strange composite of statesman-artist—Paderewski. Davison was also there and Seward Prosser—the talk was all of politics and finance, and the great piano player was right there with the goods. You felt that about the last thing in the world to say to him was: “How about your practicing—are you keeping it up?” He seemed a long way off from a keyboard. He was very affable. But then Poles are—they make it a business.

When I promised to keep a diary before I left home I had a sort of an inside arrangement with myself that I would see improving things so as to write of them. It gives a man a noble incentive if he knows his doings are going to be read by his children, besides he's afraid of his

wife. I went to bed every night with the idea of getting up early and going over to St. Chapelle—or to have another look at Notre Dame—or to visit the tombs of the Kings at St. Denis. But often when I had been awakened (with a good deal of difficulty) it occurred to me that it was only selfish to do these things alone—that I would be better and happier when I was with the children. That I ought to keep my impressions fresh for them.

To be sure we took some walks and dined in different quarters of the town just to see how all kinds of life was getting along after a world's war. It seemed to be getting along just as well and Montmartre had the same entertaining horrors—waiting—waiting once more for the strangers. Ed has a real mission in France—but I hear him coming in now. He is talking in a very high key and I think he has found his orphan. I must go quiet him.



*Eddie meditating
about his orphan*

Paris, April 24th.

It wasn't Ed's orphan—it was its photograph. Ed's wife told him not to buy her anything, but to give the money for the care of a French orphan for a year instead—a very nice thing to do (and of course Ed will get her something nice besides). Anyway you place the money, France won't lose—you can bet on that. Ed thought he'd go right out and pick an orphan as easily as you pick up a paper at a news stand. Down with the penny up with the paper! He wanted a girl with brown eyes that showed violet lights and golden curly hair. He talked a good deal about her, and felt he was very warm when he found the benevolent lady whose duty it was to secure motherless and fatherless little ones for Americans. Ed was greedy—while he didn't wish the child bad luck, he did not want her to have any parents of any kind—he wanted a complete orphan for his money.

He went into all sorts of extravagances trying to raise an extra sum for the little girl. We went to the races twice—purely to win money for the orphan—once to Auteuil, as pretty a race course as you can ask for. Something funny happened at this meet which I had better put down now while I think of it. There is a stretch of soft green sward which runs directly in front of the grand stand, between that and the turf

course. Everything goes on on this stretch of lawn except racing talk. It might be a church lawn festival except for certain kind of people present. The principal attraction was the parade of the dress makers models—manequins, you



know—showing the latest fashions. Great crowds follow them as they walk unconcernedly about and they die a hundred deaths from camera shots.

For my wife's sake I was looking at these ladies very strongly so as to tell her what was being worn when all of a sudden I heard runaway hoofs come tearing along, blocked from view by the mass of people. "Runaway, runaway," I cried, wanting to save a manequin. The Colonel took his cigar out of his mouth and spoke soothingly: "Be calm, Crandall, be calm; we're at the races." I admitted the drinks were on me.

To get back to Ed's orphan. While we went both to Auteuil and Longchamp to raise money we didn't do very well, and I don't see why the betting system is called Paris Mutuels. I don't see anything mutual about it. However it didn't make any difference. As I said in the last entry I heard Ed whooping over the photograph of the little

girl and I went in to have a squint at her. The philanthropist lady had written quite a letter, gently leading up to the photograph. It seems in these days most of the first class French orphans have already been snatched up by those mercenary Americans. A full orphan, even a male full orphan, is out of the question and it is a good deal of a struggle to get a half one. Then, too, there is a scarcity of little ones who are fatherless, and a gentle effort is being made to make the rapacious American, intent upon doing good out of his own country, pay a yearly sum for the child who has a nice papa but no mother to work for it.

Ed got one of these. The snapshot was a long youth of about seventeen (unless he grew very rapidly) sitting on his poor father's lap, almost crushing the life out of the little widower. The background was quite rich and what we presumed to be their chateau. The boy was making an effort to keep his long legs from trailing on the ground but



Eddie's Orphan

it was no use—he was a whale—and he swam out of Ed's charitable calculations at first glance. Ed may adopt a widower, but we are urging that his wife gets something pretty fine for her good intentions and let it go at that.

I don't know why I am wandering on like this when we are starting up to the front tomorrow and I ought to begin writing in diary form. It's a strange thing but when you get right up to an enormity like France in these days there isn't much to say about it. You're part of it, and since you're part of it you go on being as ordinary as ever, no matter how big the thing itself is.

If I remember what people say in diaries—those who go on travels: "All is ready for the start." I carry one big bag and a laundry sack, and wear my blonde coat which is the envy of all. We have maps, flasks, and some very good dice. I don't know what we end up in but we start off in a Pierce Arrow. The Red Cross has secured our passes—

and as we enter each new country a letter is to be given us so that we can get through without any daily *laisser-passer*, *permis-de-sejour* and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Colonel Burlingame is to go with us. I don't know what relation he is to the San Francisco suburb but he's just as sunny.

My last night in Paris and I spend it writing in a green book! Cruel sacrifice!



*Col. Burr
and the two innocents
repairing car.*

Epernay, April 25th.

We have been today over the battle fields of the Marne—slightly impeded by our car which refused to go on the trip having been over the ground a number of times and being conscious that the roads were slightly cut up. You would think any American car would be grateful for any kind of a French road but they soon get spoiled over here. There is nothing dull about a delay on the Marne battle fields however. You can step out of your car right into history. Meaux was the first big stop with its beautiful old flour mills built off the middle of the bridge—the bridge the English blew up in 1914, which successfully stopped the advance of the Germans in that direction.

This territory is all the more interesting to us, for, while the British and the French occupied it at first, it is largely taken over now by our troops. There are rough monuments

at various cross roads erected to the memory of the dead who lie in the fields, and their graves are mostly protected by little railings round which the peasant plows, but the grass has grown long on the resting places of the first boys to fall.

From Meaux on we could see signs of destruction in shattered church towers and broken cornices but Burlingame shrugs his shoulders and says "Wait." Chateau Thierry was interesting for our men held that and had to pretty well pulverize the town to do it. I wish we Americans had made our first name for ourselves in some place we could come near pronouncing. As near as I can come to it the place is pronounced Tea-airy—all run together. Incidentally there is a chateau way up on a hill which no one thinks of. Also in the square the citizens once put up a statue to Fontaine. I want my children to read his fables and try to imagine what he would have thought of this war and could he have made a fable out of it. The

old gentleman, if he is looking down on us, must be in a state of confusion. People used to come all through this region and on toward Nancy to take cures by drinking the waters. I don't see how they can ever do it again when you think what has been spilled into the oozing earth.

We went to see a show tonight and the house was full of Americans—our soldiers are all through here, pretty restless, I guess. Battle fields by day and a show at night! I don't wonder Ed is—but I don't want it to get around *generally* that he *snores*.

St. Menehould, April 26th.

Made a good start for Reims to-day (pronounced like rancid with the id left off) and saw the old cathedral looking perky in spite of its hundred odd bombardments. Too bad they couldn't have removed the cathedral as they did the rare champagnes. I don't know where they went (they couldn't tell me) but while they seem to have an abundance in the caves which we walked through it is all new wine. In America we take foreigners up in skyscrapers. Over here they are conducted through the sewers of Paris and the caves of Reims for diversion. The Germans plowed right through Reims with the cathedral as the objective. It's as clean as a gun shot wound—sons of guns indeed.

I'm writing at a rough table in a Knights of Columbus hut which is giving us shelter for the night as the town has nothing else to offer. Getting ready for bed won't be com-

plicated as I am too cold to take off my clothes, and the more I think about it the less important it becomes to brush my teeth. I don't see how all the army discipline in the world can make a soldier wash when he's cold—and of course I don't know what cold is. I keep thinking of my kids, and wondering if they will be ever over in a place like this, having to put up with miseries that takes the heart out of the *young* even. It seems to me we ought to toughen them more to prepare for such a possibility. Are wars over? These boys don't think so.

We went to a minstrel show tonight, all the talent made up from a darkey regiment—one of ours. It was mighty good, and I was proud of them. The second Pierce Arrow, knowing it would have to sleep in St. Menehould expired also and we are now negotiating with a Cadillac that wants to see the world.



Pierce-Arrow in trouble

Luxembourg, April 27th.

I'm so dog tired I can barely push a pencil—and unlike the dough boy I ride and don't march with eighty pounds equipment on my back. But we are fairly comfortable here and I may add we have to pay for it, as this snug little duchy has the highest scale of prices yet. It seems to me years since we left this morning—have seen so much. First came Verdun entering over what the French call the "Sacred Road" in recognition of the sad freight it carried for so many months: food, shells, wounded and dead never ceasing through that unequalled siege. Our ambulance corps did great work here before we went into the war and there probably is no field once more under cultivation that hasn't had a little Ford bumping over it with its load of "blesses." With the great overhang at the rear I don't see how the wounded stood the jolting, but the

car could go where other cars would sink in the mire.

At Verdun we went through the citadel of living rock where the officers lived during the siege—slept, ate, and made their plans. It is well lighted by electricity, steamheated and quite dry. The Town seems to me badly mutilated but Burlingame still says "Wait." The French inhabitants are coming back and "business is going on as usual" in some shops. The French are just like cats—places mean more to them than people.

As soon as we approached Metz, which is in Lorraine and which the Germans still fondly hoped would remain theirs, the devastation ceased. The Allies moved so quickly toward the end it was a rout, and not bombardment and advance, bombardment and advance. Metz looks rather Teutonic but soon those characteristics will wear away, and French with a German accent will cease to be. The ride up to Luxembourg was fine—green fields remain-

ing as the good Lord intended: for the feeding of men not the killing of them. Luxembourg calls itself a little Paris just as every town does over here that wants to get in the lime light. It's little—but it ain't Paris.



Wiesbaden

Wiesbaden, April 28th.

We are going to be another night in this place and I give warning that tomorrow is to be my "Thursday afternoon off" and I'm not going to write a line unless it's a check. It makes me feel guilty to head this entry with anything as German as Wiesbaden but that's where we are—kindly treated by the waiters and that class, but very coldly received by the better people. I wondered, as I strolled around the pretty town tonight, when the people of the Allied countries will go to these German cures again and how welcome will they be when they do return. If England and America stay temperate there will be nothing to wash out of our systems anyway. But we can go over there to *buy* the stuff and *then* wash it out.

We went through to Mayence to come here, branching off at about Treves from the road our men took to go on to Coblenz. Treves is

occupied by the Americans too. It has a little theatre presided over by the American actress, Dorothy Donnelly, who has been working for months putting on plays with the talent drawn from our troops. We went to renew our acquaintance with her and found her pretty well worn out. Our stage people have done an enormous work both over home, as we know, and among our troops in France. They work for two dollars a day—the pay of a nurse—and when you think that some of them are in the habit of earning hundreds a week you see that it has been a real sacrifice. The Overseas Theatre League pay the two dollars daily—an organization of theatrical men and women—and the board and keep is paid by the Y. M. C. A. At least that is the way I understood it.

We crossed the Rhine at Bingen, and Ed sang it: “Bingen, Bingen on the Rhine” to the great distress of the Cadillac which showed an inclination to back fire in the hope of reaching him. It makes you hot

around the collar to see the fine condition of this country and think of the ravaged earth a little ways back. The despoilers must have realized that it was pretty hideous or they would never have thrown up the sponge when it seemed that a German potato patch might run the risk of being uprooted.

Well, I've come to Wiesbaden for for a rest. I've been in four countries and on one ocean trying to get it, and now I'll see what the peaceful German can do for me!



Major Smith

Cologne, April 30th.

I forgot to say that we picked up Major Smith of the U. S. A. at Treves and he's just given me a curious bit of information, extracted from him when somebody in the crowd objected to using a match for the lighting of a third cigarette. It was Ed who objected still hoping for good luck when he gets another whack at Paris Mutuels. The Colonel called him a girl—Ed looks just like a girl—but the Major backed up his masculinity. They trace the superstition to an incident of the Boer War when three English soldiers one dark night on the veldt disobeyed orders and each lighted a cigarette with one match. The spurt of the flame caught the sight of three of the Boer sharp shooters—and the three Englishmen lay dead. If they were as hard up for matches as England is they couldn't be blamed.

This has been some day and it would do me a great deal more good

to look at the Cologne Cathedral by moonlight than write in my green book—but mindful of the little ones at home Father will stick to his job. We are as full of the Rhine as the Lorelei but owing to weather conditions are more fully clad. We retraced our way to Mayence then motored straight up to the river to Coblenz, which is “teeming,” whatever that means, with American soldiers. It is our Bridge head, children, and I am proud to say we occupy it nobly and one would think exclusively. If I stood in the middle of any street and yelled out the name of any state in the Union one or more of these soldiers would fly forward to acknowledge their birth-right. They are reserved with the inhabitants but they get along with them. About one boy out of every five can speak German and it isn’t hard for the other four to pick up a little, for you can’t go very far wrong on the pronunciation. But not one out of a hundred can or ever will speak French, and while there

has been a great effort among the French to learn a little English, and the police go to schools for the purpose, you will find a French family living five years in an English speaking company and proudly boasting that they know only their own tongue. Therefore, when we hear at home that our boys are hitting it up with the enemy put it down as a lie, but try to understand why it is such rumors might come to us.

I was a little disappointed in the castles along the Rhine and think I am just as happy having all my castles in *Spain*. The stream is so broad it looks like Puget Sound and even the biggest castle way up aloft is dwarfed, but they are gloomy looking brutes which we passed on our side, something like the centuries of people they have housed. All along the route it was American and English soldiers—the British growing stronger as we approached their Bridge Head, Cologne. The whole mass of those two armies of occupation give the sightseer a com-

fortable sensation. He is darned sure that for a while Fritz's fire works are over. That well-fed, well-set-up opposing force, although it seems to be cooling its heels and dissipating strength, is all rested up—(the way I hope to be some day) with a lot of surplus energy waiting to be used. They are orderly and the Britishers are certainly smart. Just the same I wouldn't give up a doughboy from Kansas for the Prince of Wales in native Welsh uniform—and I leave you to figure out what that costume is. The Germans had to pay for our lodging—although I don't know which one of the fourteen points covers the expenditure.



*Chauffeur Stone and crew of car
that turned turtle*

Brussels, May 1st.

Although it is May 1st I didn't pick any wild flowers today, but I might have done so as our car turned turtle in its effort to get over in a field and landed us in a ditch. We were just going into Brussels, or near it, and it may have been a judgment on me for not looking out of the window and improving my mind. As a matter of fact I was shooting craps with one of the party, "shooting dice" as an English paper printed the other day, when the accident happened. We were some upset and the blood of Colonel Burlingame is making my hat immortal. We might have been killed and I wish the chauffeur, Stone, had been stunned until we could have left him behind somewhere. He introduces an element of danger which men past the fighting age do not court.

We have dined tonight in our traveling clothes with Mr. and Mrs. Grosjean—our others still being in

the ditch. However we didn't take dress clothes—it was a little thick to go up to the front with boiled shirts stuffed in our bags. Brussels is putting on a bold appearance however, and at the Grosjeans there was a good deal of the pleasant ceremony people must have had before the war. Of course we talked of the war, and as it is the biggest thing the world has ever known we will probably go on talking about it for the rest of our lives. All finance in our day will hinge on it and the next generations are going to be tortured over dates in history such as we older fellows have never suffered. What a lot there will be to learn! How glad I am I got my education when the Norman Conquest and the discovery of America was about all I had to stuff in my noggin, as I went trembling at my examination papers. But for them 1066—1492—1914 and all the others to follow! When we passed through Liege today I remembered how lightly I thought of that valiant fortress in

July of the year of the war, and how much I thought of it a month later—those were the hot days out home when we were wondering if it was going to be serious. Serious!



*Col. Burlingame
and his Dutch Rock Throwers*

Brussels, May 5th.

If I were a dishonest man I could pretend in my diary I had been all this time in Brussels with a sore throat and just chronicle "Suffering terribly," but as a matter of fact we have been up in Holland and back again. Nothing to do with the war, I admit, but a little chance to get a rest. There was a good deal of warfare going on in Holland however, Stone, the chauffeur, starting the battle by loud oaths to the passers by and a ready response from the Hollanders with rocks. I didn't know there were so many rocky formations in Holland—being a boggy country. Stone is undoubtedly insane and I would be more at peace in a trench with "Jack Johnsons" and "Big Berthas" aimed at me than in a car with that man driving through Holland. I wish to put it down right here that Holland is a very independent country and will stand no nonsense from anyone.

In spite of his attitude there were moments when I dared enjoy the tulips in the fields which grow as I have never seen them anywhere. They may be bad for the cows but they are awfully good to the eye,—and produce sleep—or might have done so if Stone had not been driving. Even so we got to The Hague, I having cleaned out the entire crowd shooting craps. It may not look well to my children to have me referring in this way to games of chance but it kept my mind off of Stone—besides I won the money. Major Smith is trying to throw me for my blonde coat, but it looks as though I shall be wearing his khaki pants very shortly.

We all dined with Mr. and Mrs. Westerman, two of their sons and their daughter-in-law also in the party. They live in nothing less than a palace full of rare things which my children could make a wreck of in about a month.

Still I should prefer it to a castle on the Rhine—and even my own in



The Blond Coat



Col. Wierbreck

Spain. They are people that seem to invest a place, no matter how lordly, with a comfortable element of simplicity. We found it like meeting with old home folks to see them again. Westerman has a clear mind—and the way he can talk Dutch and English both is too much a gift for the gods to hand any mortal. I would like to say we ran up to Amsterdam to see Rembrandt's Night Watch which everybody said we must do, but I can't.

They say an English Tommy had a search for it in the gallery but got the name wrong. He was asking for "Sentry Go;" that's what I call the human touch that makes improving the mind go down easier.

At Rotterdam we dined very well as guests of Colonel Wierbreck, U. S. A., and managed to escape from Stone long enough to go through the canals with a power boat. It was the best form of transit I've struck for a long time. Wind mills, pasturage, tulips, cows, cheeses (but not many) everything within reach

without any dust and dirt. I must not forget to mention six goats also. We were alongside two farm houses and those six goats when the engines broke down—simply gave up the ghost and we reluctantly telephoned for our cars. There was no escaping Stone. His arrival was pleasantly delayed, however, and we had a very good meal at one of the farm houses. They served us simply, and took the money, but there is a fine independence about them which makes 'em a right little, tight little nation.

I wish to add that we went to what was supposed to be a musical Revue in Rotterdam—My God! If Stone had only insulted them it would have been to some purpose. There were no legs, no faces, no music, no dancing, and nothing to hold us but an actor who had his whiskers held up on one side by a wire and the other side by a rope. It made the darkeys back in St. Menehould look like the Russian ballet in their brashest moments.

Think I will turn in. I didn't get much rest in Holland.



*On the dyke in Holland
with the goats*



*Col Burr and Eddie
at Ostend*

Ostend, May 6th.

Every mirror in our dining room in this hotel is peppered by bullets. It looks as though the town of Red Dog had come to Wolfville and shot up the place on one of those "Wolfville Nights." Ostend may some day be gay again, but I can't imagine it delirious at any time even in those old days when anybody who talked about a country ever going to war was left to converse with our deaf aunt. It seems to me it will always be British, so thoroughly have they filled it with a sense of themselves in that terrible four years' effort to keep the channel ports. A foolish watering place always looks more ghastly when at a serious business than a commercial city or a capital.

Zeebrugge, too, is bowed by the war. The Germans held that, you remember, children, and a British Naval officer tried to bottle up the harbor as did Capt. Hobson during our Spanish war. He hasn't gone

around kissing anyone either, since making a name for himself. But your mother will have to tell you about that. Captain Carpenter also filled a ship with dynamite, headed it toward the great mile long quay and let it dash itself against the massive concrete construction. A great part of the dock was destroyed and many of the enemy killed. Air craft, too, were dropping things on friend and foe alike and I wouldn't advise anyone to bathe in those waters until the explosives that haven't gone off have been pretty well drowned.

A British air man told me a funny story today about the Zeppelin raids in London and how we all, in our importance, feel that the enemy is out to kill us and nobody else. One little Cockney looked up in a lonely part of London and saw a Zep—miles away but seemingly over him. The little fellow ran for blocks before he dared look up again but when he did there it was still. "Blimey," groaned the Cockney, "It's follow-

ing me." I think that will be my exit speech to night. Tomorrow we get to Paris,—and then I hope to have a rest.



Ypres Cathedral



Arras

Paris, May 7th.

Burlingame was right when he said "Wait." Today we have seen the devastation made by those same people who squealed when we approached their turnip fields. Get out your maps and draw a line from Ostend to Lille, on to Arras (pitiful Arras) through Doullens and all that region of the Somme down to Amiens. I wish now for the first time in my life I had used my pen for something else than figures, so that I might tell of it. But we must all come over some day, for the visits of the strangers will build up France more quickly than indemnities. It's all graves and dust and little heaps of stone and mortar. And Chimneys! A chimney always speaks for a family—little boys and girls and good French soup over the fire. They say the French will come back to the powdered heaps of homes and build it up again. We are of new blood in America. We don't mind

making a fresh start. We sort of enjoy moving on to other places. But if we told a Frenchman to come to America because his house was pulverized he would probably think I was trying to sell him a gold brick, or a town lot in Tombstone.

At Amiens they were taking down the sand bags from the cathedral—or just beginning to. I suppose they thought it wasn't safe until Stone had passed through. Our party, or rather part of our party, did linger. We had by this time acquired two Cadillacs, the one in the rear carrying all the baggage—except the dice. And the baggage car went to smash. We didn't know it until we reached Paris, but I had on my blonde coat so it didn't trouble me any. I'm no boulevardier—how do you spell it—but I'll match the world with that coat on—all except khaki—can't go up against khaki. Never thought an ugly color like that would grow to look so beautiful.

I'm getting to the end of my green book and “a feeling of sadness comes



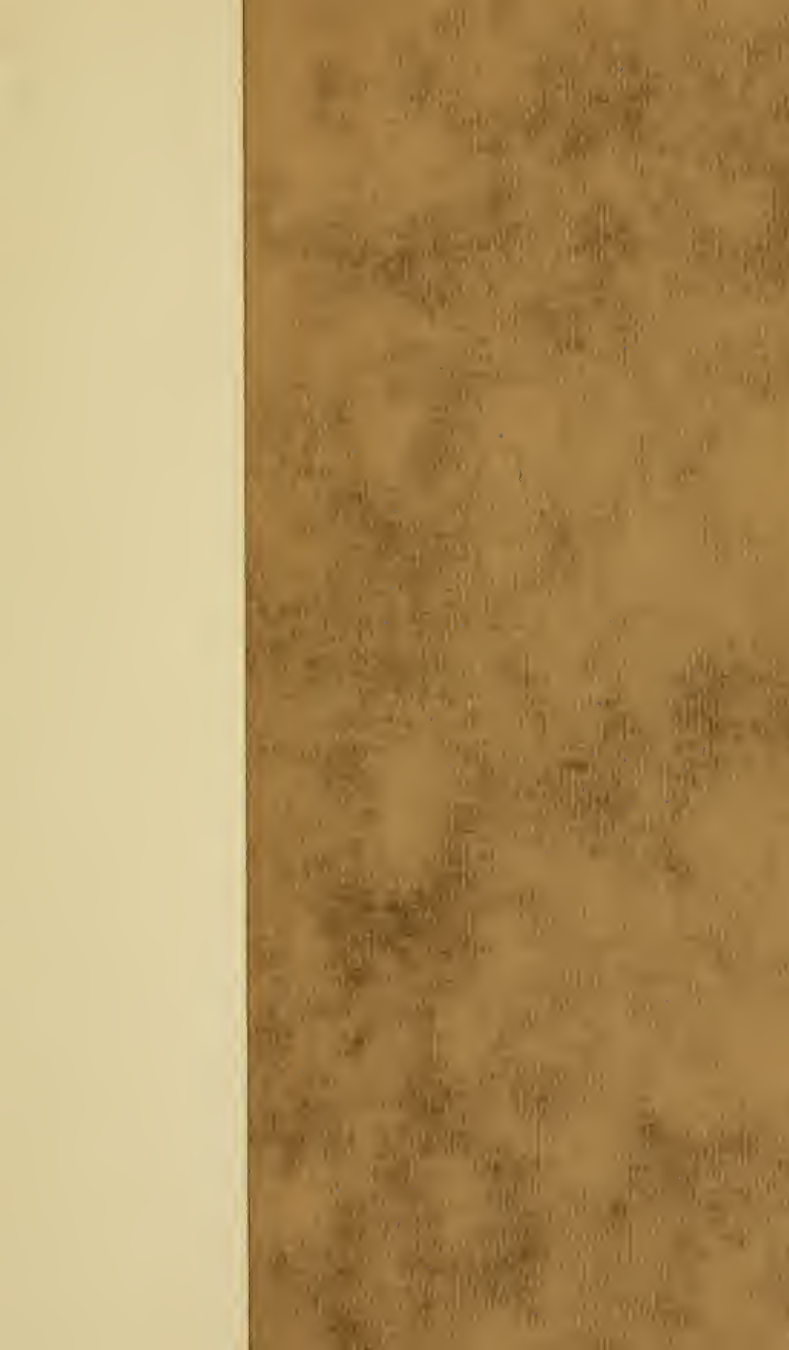
Amiens Cathedral



o'er me," not because I'm not going to hang over it every night like a lover, but that I expected this story to end up in some noble sentiment. I thought I might cook up one sentiment anyway. I've got some way down as I've said, when I look at the rows of books on the stalls about the war, and I think how many people have been able to shoot off their mouths about it, it did seem to me that with as clear a head for figures as I have, I could figure up something to say that would close up a diary prettily. But after this trip, even winning as much money as I have, I feel quite undersize. And I keep looking at the fine cane the boys gave me, and I wonder if it wouldn't have made all the difference in the world in the way I'm feeling just now if I had had a full head of hair, and a little spring in my legs, and a few more years off my age, and had been carrying, instead of a cane, those eighty pounds on my back and a gun over my shoulder. I guess those are about the only peo-

ple right now who don't feel small when somebody says Arras or Verdun or Chateau Thierry. I thank the good Lord the boys have got that much out of it.

Now I'm going over to London and get good and rested.





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